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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

O Love, that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall fearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

—*Dr. Matheson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII | THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906 | NUMBER 4

Evolution.

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
Life again.

—*John B. Tabb.*

Once more the UNITY force is all together at the Lincoln Centre. Last Friday the editorial sanctum and the treasurer's office were moved from Tower Hill to Chicago. Hereafter all mail communications to the Senior Editor and to the business department should be addressed as of old to the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, and not to Spring Green, Wis. Our thanks are due to our readers who have so patiently and willingly borne the inconveniences and delays incident to our summer arrangements, and to the Rev. C. A. Osborne, Secretary of the Congress of Religion, to whose hands the office editorial work of UNITY was largely entrusted during the vacation months. Nothing has gone wrong and everything has gone well under the circumstances, but now they ought to go better with all hands at work. Will not our readers join with us at the office in improving the quality and increasing the circulation of the paper missionary which, for over twenty-nine years, has carried its message of freedom, fellowship and character in religion.

Judge Lindsay, of the Denver juvenile court fame, recently tells of how he tried to catch up with a newspaper falsehood, but it had got "about ten thousand miles ahead of me." Mr. Dooley indicates the hopelessness of the situation in his article in the *American Magazine* alluded to elsewhere. The accusations of Hinnessey are printed in bold capital letters. "The frank manly apology" next day is printed in a two-line nonpareil retraction in the advertising department.

The *Congregationalist* of last week contains interesting notice of the late lamented Dr. George Matheson, Scotland's blind preacher. In this article it is said that this Scotch preacher "attained his spiritual vision as the price of great darkness." He was one of the early Scotchmen to encounter the disturbing "German theology." For a time "the universe seemed bereft of God," but greater light came and in the illumination of less than twenty minutes, as he himself confessed, was born out of great sorrow the great hymn that has comforted so many souls, which we print as our frontispiece in this issue.

The *Inquirer* of London is reprinting the Mother Bickerdyke articles from UNITY. We are not surprised that this heart-touching and conscience rending story should interest our English exchange, and we doubt not that its readers will be touched and edified by the same. We hope it is not a case of "a prophet being without honor save in his own country." We are pained, though we can hardly say surprised, that their publication this far has elicited so little attention, even among the old soldiers, whom she so blessed and who advocate their great love for her. We are glad our English friends are to make the acquaintance of our American Florence Nightingale.

The *Literary Digest* for September 22 contains a timely article entitled "Teaching Literature by Indirection," based upon an article in the New York *Evening Post* of September 8. It is to be commended to the teachers in these opening school days who make such elaborate provision in their curriculum for "English Courses." The callow graduate of little experience and narrow reading whose personal vocabulary is limited and slangy cannot hope to do much in the way of giving to the pupils a love for good literature or the habit of speaking good English. The *Post* well says: "Only a love of letters and an available fund of sympathy can help in this direction." Only teachers "whose experience of life has brought confirmation of the intuitions of the poets and dramatists, of the wisdom of the philosophers, can hope to create the right tastes." In other words, the courses of English readings must be inspired, not required. The love of the best in literature is inseparably connected with the love of the best life. And this, so far as it can be imparted, is always a matter of contagion, not a matter of instruction. There is no more efficient way to kill a taste for good literature than by exacting the same as a class requirement and trying to estimate the result by the percentages of examination papers.

Of course there should be no limitations of speech imposed upon a man who is asked to participate in a great civic function, to rejoice in a great public undertaking, such as the laying of the cornerstone of a new county building for Cook County, which occurred

last week in Chicago when Vice-President Fairbanks was invited to make an address. This court house is to cost five millions of dollars, every cent of which is to come from the taxpayers of the city of Chicago and immediate vicinity. It represents the hopes and is to guard the rights of all sorts and conditions of people, all taxpayers and all kinds of voters. It is to be the property of the people, irrespective of creeds, party affiliations or social theories. It was something more than bad taste in the Vice-President of the United States to use such a significant occasion to perpetrate a crass stump speech upon the multitude that was ready to be further unified by being lifted above the disputable points and the economic problems about which honest men disagree.

"FAIRBANKS FLAYS BRYAN SOCIALISM!!"
"VICE-PRESIDENT ASSAILS PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS!!

These are the display lines with which the Chicago *Tribune* heads the column that reports the ceremony which drew together twenty thousand people within sound of the voice of the Vice-President. Mr. Fairbanks may be right or wrong in this matter. At other times and on proper occasions the citizens of Chicago may profitably listen to his theories concerning railroads, but he lost a great opportunity and betrayed the high trust imposed upon him by the committee when he stooped to the spellbinder's rhetoric of a partisan at a time when civic righteousness and secular piety needed a spokesman large enough to recognize lofty aims and honest thinking possible in antagonistic theories and opposing political parties and programs. Another dedication of the county building is in order. Perhaps there is another "corner" where a dedicatory "stone" may be placed, around which republicans, democrats, socialists, and the advocates of private and government ownership of railroads may join hands, sing "America," take heart, and go on together.

UNITY gives cordial welcome to the *American Magazine* under the new management, which begins with the October number. Certainly the editorial announcement offers a promise that warrants highest expectations on the part of those who are striving to make conscience corporate, to put morals into the plural number, to socialize not only wealth, but the humane instincts and the consecrations of men and women. Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, F. P. Dunne, Lincoln Steffens and William Allen White pass in common estimation as skilled jouranlists, masters of the "art of putting things." That they are, but they are not adequately described by these phrases. They should rather be considered as preachers of righteousness out of the pulpit, unfrocked ministers of applied religion. America is burdened with monthly magazines that are a menace to the intellectual life of the age. They put a premium on desultory reading that weaken the power of the public to apply themselves to continuous study. Even a solid novel, book length, is avoided, and the short story is sought after with alarming avidity. Notwithstanding all this, we gladly make room for the *American Magazine* and welcome it as a much needed ally to the pulpit and the religious press. Mr. Dooley in this initial number has not overstated the power of the press. The initial number is plain, solid, promising. Lincoln Steffens in a little story suggests the crooked ways of the police and shows how the newspaper reporter can bring the chief to terms; while William Allen White stands in this journalistic pulpit and preaches a timely sermon on the pressing question of the partnership of society. It is as Biblical as it is scientific. It goes to the heart of the "tainted money" problem. It is a sermon to the "five thousand millionaires, the twenty thousand who are nearly millionaires, the fifty thousand who are living in the blessed hope of becoming millionaires reasonably soon, who live in the city of New York alone." It is true that "these hundred thousand people have killed the social instincts of their own hearts"; it is true that

> "the greatest failures in modern life are our millionaires, because they have accumulated money without giving society just and equitable return for their money; they have acquired what seems to them a vast amount of power without intelligence to use it; they are going through life looking for joy and happiness and finding only pleasure that burns out their souls and does not satisfy their hearts. To get their money they have developed their cunning and stunted their candor."

To the earnest and honest preacher in the pulpit there is nothing new in this sermon, but the true minister must rejoice that the sermon is made accessible to a hundred thousand or more souls who need it who never put themselves within reach of the spoken word on Sunday, however ably delivered. We hope the *American Magazine* will become a great ally to the pulpit, for which we have not lost our respect. We give the new missionary most fraternal welcome.

A religious ceremony of great suggestive beauty and farreaching significance was celebrated in the St. James Methodist Episcopal church of Chicago last week when a young father and mother brought their first-born child to the altar set apart to religion and there formally, with prayer and hymn and speech, dedicated the child to the cause of labor. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Quayle; Rev. Duncan C. Milner, of the Presbyterian fellowship; E. R. Wright, president of the Allied Printing Trades Council; J. J. Tobias, chancellor of the Chicago Law School and former member of the Knights of Labor; Miss Jane Addams, Miss Mary McDowell, Miss Eva Schontz and others took part in the simple but impressive ceremony. These names are sufficient guarantee of the serious character of the exercises. Some similar exercises might have been expected in some labor union hall or socialistic phalanx. The significant, and, to our mind, encouraging, thing is that this took place in a conservative and even fashionable church, for St. James is located in Kenwood, where the affluent.

the elegant and the very prosperous live. But why should not the parents publicly dedicate themselves to the cause nearest their hearts by offering this holiest expression of themselves to the cause? To discuss the fitness of this ceremony is to discuss the old question of symbolism and ceremonial rites and rituals. This innovation will indicate how fundamental are such things to human nature. The following liturgy arranged for the occasion is, to say the least, instructive. Dr. Milner asking the questions, the parents answering:

"Do you, of your own free will and with a full knowledge of the solemnity of the act, dedicate the life of this, your child, to the cause of labor?"

"We do."

"Will you endeavor, with the grace of God, to direct the education of this child so that he may best serve the cause of organized labor?"

"We will."

"Will you promise that to the full extent of your ability and to the limit of your resources you will give this child the opportunities which will make him a valued worker in the cause of organized labor?"

"We will."

Then, turning to President Wright, the minister said:

"Will you accept this child in and for the cause of organized labor? Will you be sponsor for the child and aid and assist him until he reaches the age when he may properly take upon himself the solemn obligations entered into by his parents?"

"I will," replied Mr. Wright.

After the consecration by Chancellor Tobias the father said:

"In dedicating their baby boy to a specific course, the parents cannot, of course, foresee the career of his future years. But this much is true: if the boy develops the attributes of altruism he will, without doubt, espouse to a certain extent the cause of labor.

"Our child is not necessarily dedicated to leadership. If time finds him working in the ranks of union labor we shall be satisfied. And if, on the other hand, he should turn out to be a leader of men, laboring for the cause of better wages and the improvement of working conditions, his parents will be devoutly thankful.

"Considered from a material standpoint, the work to which we are dedicating him will not be an enviable one. No limelight will be thrown upon him; every defeat will be greeted with derision; he will be in the position where men are most misunderstood. But through it all will run the ever present conviction that right is right, and that labor is right."

Steady Mr. President.

With the many admirable qualities of President Roosevelt, his most ardent friends must recognize an element of dash, an impetuosity of almost childish explosiveness that is a constant source of anxiety to the wise statesmen and the true humanitarian. "The Rough Rider" has his place, particularly on the battlefield, but he is a dangerous element in the executive chair. One can never feel quite secure in the hands of a bear-hunting cavalry officer. In common with many other admirers, UNITY has deplored President Roosevelt's partiality to the army and his penchant for a great navy, which has proved so contagious. The boy who has a gun is quick to discover provocations for using it.

The present Cuban crisis is one more temptation to our dashing President. Alas, for the forty thousand troops at hand with a Funstan to command! And then those splendid guns, with the memories of Manila and Santiago so fresh in mind are such a temptation. It seems to be such a quick and easy way to put an end to the graceless "scrapping" between those Cuban school boys.

But please, Mr. President, go slow! Give the command, "Steady on the right!" Oh, hold back the impetuous battalions! Some years ago we got ourselves involved in a Cuban trouble, and the sequel was a sad one. It brought the humiliating entailment of the Philippine shame, which may have been a logical necessity, the "inevitable thing" to do next, but it was an ethical collapse in which democracy was dealt a ghastly wound by the hands of its friends.

Is it the business of the United States to rush in with its guns wherever civic disorder or governmental incompetency appear, anywhere in the world? Has the United States received special commission to straighten out the quarrels of other nations? If so, why not begin with Russia, where the convulsions are most serious, the violence most cruel, and humanity is most suffering? If we must send battalions to Cuba to make them behave themselves, must we not keep our battalions in marching order to straighten out the embroglios in Peru, Ecuador, Algiers or Turkey? Suppose there were riots in New Brunswick or political convulsions in Ontario,—would the press, the cabinet, even the pulpit of the United States be so sure that we ought to step in? Or is there an element of size involved? Is it bad ethics to help straighten out a big power while it is good ethics to step in and coerce a little power?

But suppose we do step in and the present rebels are scattered, what then? Are the Cubans made more capable of self-government by such an invasion, or are we to organize permanently the beautiful island, the queen of the Antilles, as a reform school? Are we not bound to believe, by the testimony of history as well as by the logic of democracy, that family quarrels are best handled from the within, and that neighbor interference seldom improves the situation? Is it not true that the poorest home government is better for the parties concerned than the best foreign government?

Please, Mr. President, hold your horses! Shame on the government that in the twentieth century of the Christian era undertakes to advance the humanities by powder and ball!

There is need of close scrutiny here into motives and of skillful analysis of the situation. May there not be an element of "American Enterprise," of Wall street anxieties, of commercial advantages, some involutions of the sugar and tobacco trusts back of this impetuosity, this disposition to order out the guns and aim the cannon? Powder is a poor peacemaker in this twentieth century of the era that boastingly takes the name of him who is called the Prince of Peace.

Let the pulpit and the would-be religious press unite in saying, "Go slow, Mr. President!" "Beware, oh, beware, how you let loose the dogs of war!"

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTER OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Among the mutual friends of Mother Bickerdyke's and mine is one lady who is truly of a family of soldiers, her father, her four brothers, her husband and her brother-in-law all having been in the army for longer or shorter periods. Her father was also a government scout for a number of years and all did valiant service for the preservation of the Union. Because of this and because of her own personal worth and ability, her endearing womanly qualities, she was a valued friend of Mother Bickerdyke's and lived in close intimacy with her. At my request she gladly added the following letter to the story I am trying to tell:

Mother Bickerdyke—the renowned and much-loved army nurse during our civil war. There are too many veterans yet living who venerate her memory and testify to her loving, faithful service to the sick and suffering soldiers for me to hope to add much more. I have been closely associated with her at some of the reunions of the veterans. I have stood by her side and have seen old gray-haired men come, with outstretched arms and tears coursing down their cheeks, saying, "I want to see Mother Bickerdyke once more. You nursed me when I was sick and wounded nigh unto death back to life and health. I am *so glad* to see you once more." Such exclamations were frequently heard as she stood on the platform and the boys in blue came to greet her. It seemed to me there was a heavenly radiance in her face. It was a halo of such holy light, such peace, such joy that she really was the most beautiful woman I ever saw.

I have heard her relate the story of the soldier who was left upon the battlefield, desperately wounded, after it was thought every live man had been found and removed from the field. After the wounded had been made as comfortable as it was possible to make them, in "the wee small hours of the night" she sat down to rest by an upstairs window, she listened out of the window over the field strewn with the dead to see if any signs of the living could be heard. She heard a faint moan. She called her faithful "Pete"—a man detailed to help her on any or all occasions that might arise. She filled a canteen with "hot toddy," gave Pete a lantern and they started in the direction of the sound she had heard. As they came nearer the moaning became more distinct, and she knew that some poor fellow had been missed. When they came to him and tried to lift him up they found his clothes were frozen in the ice. (It was at Fort Donelson, where the soldiers, especially the wounded ones, suffered so terribly from being obliged to lie on the cold, wet ground with little or nothing to protect them.) She sent Pete back for an ax to chop him loose. She set her lantern on a broken cannon that was near by and administered her restorative to the poor boy, and when Pete returned they were ready to chop him out and take him to the hospital. This man recovered and, in after years, she had the pleasure of meeting him at some reunion.

I said to her: "I have read how the soldiers hugged Mother Bickerdyke and I do not wonder at it." "Hug me!" she said, "you would think they would break every bone in my body!"

Mother Bickerdyke undoubtedly had heard that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, as she trapped in this way the young lieutenant who came to arrest her for burring the breastworks at Chattanooga, when there was no other way to keep the sick and wounded soldiers from freezing but by using the great logs of which these breastworks were made for keeping the fires burning. This officer walked into her hospital and asked why she was burning up their fortifications. "To keep my boys from freezing," she answered, and he returned, "Consider yourself arrested." "Well, lieutenant," she said, "just wait a minute. I have some nice, warm corn bread and milk for supper. Sit down and eat with the rest." He did so and while he was busy filling up the inner man she hurried to General Thomas' headquarters, and going up to him said, "General Thomas, I am under arrest, and have come myself to report to you."

"Why, what is this? Who has arrested you?" asked the surprised general. She told her story (and Mrs. Livermore, too, has told it in a very interesting way in her "My Story of the War"). The outcome was that the flippant young lieutenant was himself marched to the general's headquarters under arrest, while Mother Bickerdyke got into the ambulance that had so hurriedly taken her there and went back to her quarters to continue burning breastworks to keep her boys comfortable.

I have also heard her tell of the poor fellow who had his neck broken, or dislocated, so that if his head moved the pain was most excruciating. He had to be carried from the field up a long hill. There were men to carry him, but who could properly support that head? It was raining, muddy and slippery. Mother Bickerdyke, when called upon, said, "I cannot support that head and keep it steady over such a way." (Strange words from her lips—"I cannot.") Instantly, as she said, her husband's voice came to her as plainly as she ever heard it ,saying, "*Yes, you can, Mary Ann.*" (That voice that had been silent for such long, lonely years—what joy to her to hear it again—come back, as it were, from the so-called dead to tell her she could do whatever she needed to do.) Thus aided and inspired she took the poor man's head between her strong hands and supported it safely up the hill and to the hospital. It would be interesting to know if this man recovered, but this I do not now remember, and the good mother has gone where we may not question her.

I have heard her say so many times that she did not want any more written about her, that there was too much already; but I believe there is one phase of her life that has not until now been touched upon—her home life. In that lies the beauty and grandeur of true motherhood. It has been my pleasure and privilege to enter the sanctum of that home where she and her youngest son lived. I never witnessed truer mutual devotion than existed between them—mother and son. The life of the son spoke volumes for the training that grand mother gave him. Oh, the pity that every mother does not realize the God-given gift of her children, and strive, as did this mother, to send out pure, noble men and women into the world! Jails and penitentiaries would become things of the past were this so. This son was our county superintendent of public instruction for several years. He not only labored to build up our schools in an educational way, but, realizing that "In moral worth God excellence placed," he unceasingly labored to bring them to a high moral standard. His every effort was to give to the world pupils that were manly and womanly, a credit to home and society. Such was his life, built up and fortified by that mother, that were I to write his epitaph it would be "J. R. Bickerdyke, Man—God's noblest work."

She has told me how she and this son, upon receiving a letter from her daughter in Covington, Ky., telling them she was suffering from that dread disease—cancer—immediately left home and business and went to her, remaining till the last though it involved them in great financial loss. In her great, loving heart money could never come between duty and self. Her home life was plain and sensible—nothing "puffed up" or affected—just plain, loving Mother Bickerdyke to the last.

I remember how in the trying times of drought and failure of crops, when our people had more or less encumbered their homes with mortgages, Mother Bickerdyke, lingering a moment in some place of business, overheard two schemers talking. She heard enough to convince her they were planning to foreclose a mortgage and take a certain poor man's home away from him. She hurried home to her son and said, "Jimmy, I want you to take me immediately to Mr. Case's. He is going to lose his home; they are planning to take it from him very soon." Jimmy very willingly did as she requested. She saw the man, told him of the plot and helped him arrange to meet his obligations. In telling me of this incident long afterward she said, "Today Mr. Case has his home in peace and plenty," her satisfaction seemed as great as though it was her own home saved.

The charity of this dear old mother in civil life was only bounded by the limit of her means. Her time and energy were always ready to be devoted to the soldier—and to others in need. I know personally of instances where she went, carrying delicacies and medicines at her own expense and remained and cared for the poor suffering man until death released him. She had great influence with Senator Plumb in securing pensions. Many troublesome, intricate applications were unraveled by her industry and perseverance. She had the satisfaction of knowing that the disabled, deserving soldier had at last received the pittance which his government so profusely promised him in the hour of its dire distress. Noble Mother Bickerdyke! Rest thou in peace and joy! M. J. H.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

"For thee! For thee! May the good saints bless the day thou wert born!"

This must have been the thought of many Kansans on that memorable nineteenth of July, 1897, when they

celebrated the eightieth anniversary of Mother Bickerdyke's birth.

She was living then at Bunker Hill, a small town in the eastern part of Russell county, where her son, James, had charge of the schools, the whirligig of partisan politics having ousted him from the office of county superintendent and left those of us who valued high, faithful service and efficiency to deplore the mixing of things political with things educational in a way to deprive us of so worthy a head for our schools. When men have grown wiser, when they "vote as they pray" and know there can be no hard and fast lines drawn between their religious and their political duty; when men are rated above party and our officers are elected because of their worth and ability to serve the people in doing the duties of the office that claims them, rather than because of money or "political pull," we shall be able to retain in office such men as this son of Mother Bickerdyke.

As it was, when his last term expired in 1895, he and his mother with him, moved from Russell to Salina, where he had secured a professorship in the Wesleyan College there. For some reason that I do not now recall, he only stayed one year there and then returned to Bunker Hill; and thus it was that the eightieth birthday found them there, and there because of Mother Bickerdyke's presence the great interest of the day centered, though it was celebrated all over the state by order of Theodosius Botkin, then Department Commander of Kansas G. A. R. A local paper, printed a few days later, gives this account of what was done:

Without a doubt Bunker Hill had the best celebration in the state of Kansas on last Monday, though "Mother Bickerdyke day" was celebrated in almost every other town in the state. The presence of Mother Bickerdyke gave to the occasion a dignity and fullness of purpose, a spirit of veneration and admiration that could not have been experienced in any other community. Mother Bickerdyke has friends by the score in this county, and all who could went to Bunker Hill to help our "mother of the nation" celebrate her eightieth birthday.

At an early hour, in fact on the previous night, friends came from all directions. The immense crowd that finally gathered there was variously estimated, some judges putting the as high as fifteen hundred—a large crowd to be cared for in a town the size of Bunker Hill. During the forenoon the doors of the Bickerdyke home were thrown open to the admiring and sometimes curious visitors. Professor Bickerdyke attended to the duties of reception committee in a cheerful and hospitable manner, and Mother Bickerdyke had a kind word and a friendly handclasp for all who came to do her honor.

At the tent (a very large one was put up for this occasion), where the Bunker Hill band was furnishing some excellent music, the exercises were begun some time before noon. Rev. Mr. Dixon, a former minister in this community (he whose death a short time before her own affected her so sadly) was called upon to deliver the address of welcome. He welcomed the guests in the name of our flag, the patriotism of the boys in blue and in the name of the town. His address was not only a welcome greeting, but it was a tribute to the flag of our country.

The crowd in the afternoon had been considerably swelled by the arrival of the Russell delegation, accompanied by the Russell band. Soon after this the two bands proceeded to Mother Bickerdyke's home to escort her to the tent, where the exercises begun in the morning were continued. Mother Bickerdyke and Mrs. G. A. Weed, who had spent four years in the field as army nurse, and was at that time living in Russell, were seated in a carriage, to which a long rope was attached, and were drawn to the tent by sixty veterans. The Glee Club of Bunker Hill opened the program by singing "When the Old Flag Waves," after which the audience joined them in singing "America." Chairman of the day, Commander Botkin, then introduced Department Chaplain B. F. Pugh, of Wellington, who responded to the address of welcome, which was followed by music by the Russell band.

The next speaker, and the principal one of the day, was Assistant Adjutant General of the G. A. R. Lew Hanback, at one time our representative in congress. Mr. Hanback's address was a general review of the opening days of the war, the first call for volunteers, their trials and sufferings, and his personal experience in the army hospital, where he was sent to die. That he did not die he ascribes to the cheerful and motherly ministrations of one of those kind souls who, like Mother Bickerdyke, endangered their lives that the boys might have proper care. This was only the introduction that led to a final eloquent and sympathetic tribute to army nurses and the women of 1861-65 in general, and to Mother Bickerdyke in particular.

In the memory of all the soldiers dead, and in behalf of the soldiers living, he impressed a kiss upon her venerable brow. This tribute was touching to those who had experienced none of the privations and hardships of the war, and to those who knew only as it had been told them what a heroic work our army nurses, led by Mother Bickerdyke, had done for the boys of our land, and to those who had had the experiences how much more deeply so.

Mr. Hanback was followed by Col. Tom Jackson, of Newton, who, like Hanback, had been in the hospital, but unlike him, was unable to partake of the toast and tea prepared by the kind hand of the nurse. Colonel Jackson, however, in other ways learned to appreciate the services of these self-denying women and improved the opportunity to tell the people what had been done by them.

At this juncture Comrade Botkin presented to Mother Bickerdyke a silver water service in behalf of the fifteen thousand comrades of the G. A. R., seven thousand women of the W. R. C., and in behalf of all the loyal people of the state of Kansas. The gift, he said, was as imperishable as the hearts' affections. The pitcher represented the pitcher from which she poured the cooling drink for her sick and dying boys, and the glass represented the glass from which she gave the sufferers the draught that moistened their parched lips.

Colonel Feeder, of Great Bend, Kan., commander of the Sons of Veterans, was next introduced to the audience. He expressed his inability to make a speech after all these older men had preceded him, though he promised that the order he represented would take up the work when all of the old veterans had answered to the final roll call.

One of the most touching tributes delivered during the afternoon was that by Mrs. H. A. Allen, of Russell, who had but recently returned from Galesburg, Ill., Mother Bickerdyke's old home, and hence was well prepared to tell the people in what high esteem this grand woman was held by the people of her home town. In behalf of the Russell W. C. R. Mrs. Allen presented to Mother Bickerdyke a gray gown and a pair of slippers, and in behalf of the people of Galesburg she delivered to her an evergreen wreath. No one but Mother Bickerdyke can fully appreciate the worth of this token of affection, for it was made from twigs gathered from her husband's grave.

This ended the exercises of the day, but in the evening old soldiers and their friends again gathered in the tent to listen to the old but ever interesting war stories. Several of those present made short speeches. Thus ended the day at Bunker Hill, and all who were there were glad that Commander Botkin had issued an order for the celebration of this birthday.

Several telegrams and many letters were received from old soldiers Mother Bickerdyke had nursed during the war. These were read and later were printed and bound into a neat volume and presented to the "Soldiers' Mother" as a lasting memento of love and gratitude. Besides the gifts presented publicly, many were given her privately—gifts that made her heart glad and gave her a newer, stronger sense of the great wealth of love the people held for her.

Among the decorations of the town were two banners stretched across Main street, one bearing the word "Welcome," and the other proclaiming "Honor to Mother Bickerdyke."

Sickness prevented my attending this celebration, but I sent a "proxy" in the person of my eldest son, who had the honor and pleasure of being a favorite of Mrs. Bickerdyke's. He ate dinner with her at her home table and told me much of the pleasant doings of the day and how cheery and "jolly" she was; how fully she enjoyed everything, and how deeply sensible she was of the honor done her—the love given her. Though she had four birthday anniversaries after this one, no other was so widely or so publicly honored, though friends were never lacking to remember her with gifts and congratulations.

THE PULPIT.

An Infidel's Home Re-Visited Thirty Years After.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, SEPTEMBER 23, 1906.

"He does well who does his best,
Let him rest."

Over thirty years ago a missionary itinerary carried me into an out-of-the-way nook in the highlands of southwestern Wisconsin to visit a neighborhood that had already acquired an unenviable fame for infidelity. It was a community of hard, if not clear-headed, stalwart pioneers; men in whom the spirit of independence, which carried them to the frontier, had stuck in, leading them to cut loose from the traditional theology and conventional church standards as well as from the social shelters and the accumulated safeguards and comforts of the more eastern communities from which they had broken. During this visit I was the invited guest of the High Priest of this Free Thinking cult, a man who was born to be a leader of men, and in whom a conviction was paramount to a commission to propagate it wherever and whenever he could. This man called his home the "Infidel Wigwam." It was the center of an active propaganda, which culminated on each successive Fourth of July in a great Free Thought picnic, where the names of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson and their peers were the conjuring words. On such occasions able men interpreted the gospel of freedom in such a way as to strike at the shackles of sectarian narrowness and dogmatic tyyrannies, as well as at the foes of democracy in civic affairs. These men tried to make their boast of freedom consistent and active, and of course they had to pay the taxes imposed upon the protestant. They knew the inspirations of unpopularity, the spiritual vantage ground of an aggressive minority.

A dozen years or more after my visit the memories of it broke into a sermon entitled "A Search for an Infidel," which in due time gave the title to the Second Series of "Bits of Wayside Gospel," published by Macmillan Company in 1901.

A two hundred and fifty mile ride across lots and away from railroads anywhere in that section of Wisconsin cannot fail to give joy, for everywhere there is the beautiful alteration of hill and valley, of cultivated field and woodsy pasture, bold hills, broken with rock strata, and fine rich clover and cornfields nestling at their feed. High-bred cows, well-groomed horses, contented calves and happy colts are to be found on every hand, watching with genial curiosity the invading tourists. Even those to whom mountain scenery is familiar, those enamored of the Berkshire Hills of New England, will find no lack of charm, no flagging of delight, in this dumpling country of Wisconsin. For what is lost in ruggedness is gained in fertility. The landscape is molded, but it is not stripped. The valleys are long and fertile, and, to the farm-bred eye, ample barns well filled, door yards redolent with such autumn flowers as glorify the soil that gave them birth, the creameries and cheese factories that punctuate the roadside, the merry clack of the windmills that refresh the ample clover-fed herds, —all have artistic value; they minister to the esthetic as well as to the economic sense. For we are so made that a sense of the plentiful lies very close to a sense of the beautiful.

This year, as in previous years, your preacher served as advance courier for two wagon loads of those who for eight days bade a truce to the responsibilities of civilization, the carking cares of business and to the sometimes irritating bonds of previous engagements. That this party was made up almost entirely of members of the Lincoln Centre working "Force" makes it all the more fitting that the happy excursion should yield at least one sermon for this pulpit.

To people who through all the rest of the year must needs live up to a schedule, whose very recreation and reading is directed by program, one indispensable condition of pleasure, one easy and, I might almost say, adequate, condition of rest, is freedom from a plan. Work must needs be purposeful; play must necessarily be purposeless. If our toil is to be thoughtful there must be a thoughtless recoil. The annual ride from Tower Hill is its own justification. Like Emerson's "Rhodora" it might say:

> "If eyes were made for seeing,
> Then beauty is its own excuse for being."

Surely an itinerary that gave splendid reaches of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi rivers with stretches of their lesser tributaries,—the Grant, Kickapoo and Pine rivers, Otter, Knapp, Mill, Willow, Bear and Little Bear creeks, an itinerary that strung like pearls upon its thread such towns and villages as Highlands, Montfort, Platteville, Lancaster, Bloomington, Bridgeport, Prairie du Chien, McGregor, Gay's Mills, Soldier's Grove and Richland Centre, an itinerary that permitted the tourists to thread their way among the re-opened mines in the recently obsolete lead region, to look into the roaring furnaces where the blackjack is "roasted," to neighbor with the clam fishers of McGregor, who for the last seven years have fretted the sandy bed of the Mississippi in search of the innocent and uninteresting bivalve, millions of which have given up their lives under the infatuating hope that a "pearl of great price" might be found within, could not have failed in incident and adventure, in pictures that soothed, in revelations of nature and of human nature; that startled, stimulated, quickened. Such a drive taken with the deliberation conducive to thought and congenial to spirit could not fail to open all the stops of the organ-like soul of man. The gamut of human emotions, reaching from sobs to smiles, from laughter to tears, was sounded.

Two hundred and fifty miles of country roads ran through a human territory metropolitan in its extension and interior; from the log hut of the pioneer to the palatial farm house with its steam heat and modern improvements of the third generation; from the dreary schoolhouse on the cross roads, where half a dozen children dozed and droned in pedagogical neglect, to the up-and-a-coming normal school with its nearly three hundred pupils, wide awake in heart and alert in mind; dreary little railway stations with their obtrusive saloons; prim little inland towns with their electric lights and sprinkled streets; hotels reaching from gaudy squalor to prim coziness and homelike comfort; churches and town halls, threshing machines in full operation, hay-makers, corn-cutters and water melon eaters,—all are grist to the sermon mills of whoever is alive to the complexity, diversity, novelty, change and permanence of this great, curious, baffling, satisfying, alluring and evasive world of ours. However the personal account may stand, the wonder of it all, the mystery of it all, aye, the glory of it all, give liturgical value to the evening hymn of Kipling's re-

turning soldier, which was the ever recurring refrain on our drive:

> "For to admire and for to see,
> For to be'old this world so wide.
> It never done no good to me,
> But I can't drop it if I tried."

But back of all this indeterminateness there was one unconfessed objective point in this drive. The Outrider, who would not even at noon settle the night's lodging place, had a growing purpose to steer the journey so as to touch Patch Grove, around which was gathered the infidel group which he visited thirty or more years ago. He wanted to read the sequel, if he might, of that defiant protest. There was something more than an idle curiosity in the desire to see what harvest came from that seed sowing from the grain bins of Thomas Paine and Thomas Jefferson.

We found Patch Grove still beyond the reach of the locomotive whistle, still the village center of such trade and life as is possible to a prosperous farming community without a railroad, but with those easy communications that put every farm hand on the front street of rural civilization—the daily mail, the rural delivery and the attendant metropolitan daily and the telephone, which puts one in momentary touch with the life of the neighborhood.

Early one bright morning I found the widowed daughter of the arch heretic, living quietly a benign life of thoughtfulness, usefulness, kindly deeds and of gentle manners in an adjoining town, another off-the-railroad hamlet some five miles from the farm, and a grand-daughter, a ministrant to the suffering, the nurse of the countryside, joined the procession and steered it to the old home by the roadside. Thirty years had touched the homestead lightly; the same modest white farm home, a hospitable veranda looking out upon a wonderful expanse of thrift. The glean of thirty or more home lights can be counted from that porch of a winter evening, and the smoke from perhaps as many more punctuates the snowy landscape in the crisp winter mornings. The white-haired patriarch in his shirt sleeves was missing, but the thoroughbred horses, the high grade cows, the sleek heifers and playful colts were there as they were thirty years ago, and they were being shepherded by the grandson of the man who called this pretty homestead, this comfortable farm house, the "Infidel Wigwam."

We took our picnic dinner on the lawn, while the grand-daughter called the names and told the story of many of the "old settlers," the men who "claimed" the land from "Uncle Sam," turned the virgin soil with the great breaking plows drawn by their eight and ten-ox teams, the men who "opened up" the country, shaped town and country government, and helped make the State of Wisconsin—mostly dead now, only two or three of the "Old Guard" left. Their children and grandchildren have gone forth to take college honors, to dip into the mad life of great cities, to make themselves a name and a place among the professions—teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers and legislators. Grant county men, the product of that old regime, have stood in the legislative halls of county, state and nation; distinguished themselves in the schoolroom and in business. Many of the grandchildren of the thrifty fore-elders who were pinched by poverty, who counted with care the dime, now handle the nimble dollar carelessly.

After dinner a mile's ride brought us to the quiet assembly ground where the old infidels still neighbor, and where the white marble under a blue sky indicates where the arch heretic lies now in peaceable nearness to all his neighbors. Here at last the followers of John Knox and admirers of Thomas Paine, the disciples of Wesley and of Jefferson, those whose Bible centered in the Beatitudes and those whose scriptures culminated in the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation, are brothers and sisters at peace with one another. On the tombstone of Jared Warner, the infidel I searched for and found thirty years ago, we read the touching words of my text:

> "He does well who does his best.
> Let him rest."

Now then, what is the sequel to my story of "A Search for an Infidel?" What did I find after thirty years? The first estimate would seem to amply justify the most fundamental infidelity of the deniers and to warrant the most grewsome prophecy of the believers whose faith they distrust. Long since the Tom Paine Fourth of July picnics have become only a neighborhood tradition. The denunciations of ecclesiasticism, the fiery opposition to more fiery dogmas, have ceased. The old issue lines, sectarian disputations, have been blurred, if not obliterated. Church bells still ring their Sabbath morning invitations to prayer. Psalm and prayer and sermon still obtain here as elsewhere, with a core of vitality, however encased in dry husks of juiceless shells. Indeed, as one of the old survivors, with a touch of unspeakable pathos in his voice, said: "They are nearly all gone; only three or four of us left; and their descendants do not take the place of their fathers; most of them have gone back to Jesus."

Surely this would seem to be a sequel to delight the heart of the most orthodox believer. The Tom Paine propaganda of pioneer days seems to have been but a whistling against the wind, a rowing against the tide; their protest seems to have been impotent; the seeds they sowed seem sterile; they seem to have had no germinal power.

So it seems, but so it is not. When we remember the intolerant centuries, reading history by the light of burning heretics, we see a great triumph even in this decorum of the graveyard; here at least those bold deniers find honorable sepulture alongside of their believing neighbors; their bones may rest in consecrated ground; their burial was honorable, and the epitaph of him who was born to be a leader of men is assented to by a chorus of grateful neighbors who may have disapproved of his agitation and who disbelieved in his affirmations, but were warmed by his spirit and strengthened by his courage.

Another survivor struck a deeper truth when he said: "No, we have not gone back to them, but they have come up to us. I cannot now get up a dispute with my neighbor, the Methodist parson, though I am ready. They no longer care to affirm what we so strenuously denied."

Surely this also is a truth. Those infidels of fifty or more years ago vehemently denied what now no one cares to defend. They represented the first heroic protest against the atheism that taught of an accursed world here and a fiery one hereafter, the Godless belief in God, represented by the five-pronged iron spear of John Calvin: Total depravity, eternal damnation, vicarious atonement, and the rest of them. Surely the God of the Universe who "maketh his rain to fall upon the just and the unjust," who notes a "sparrow's fall," who rebukes the priest's neglect and rewards the Samaritan's attention, is more honored in the denial of him than in the ascription to him of the grewsome creeds of cruelty and vindictiveness.

The phrase of our first survivor was unfortunate. The thinking people of that intelligent countryside have probably not "*gone back,*" but have gone forward to Jesus. In and outside of the churches the Christ of the creeds against which the Fourth of July celebrants of territorial days protested has been steadily losing power. He is a vanishing factor in the thinking of the cultured world. He is left so far behind that to rail against him today argues a tardy mind. It is fighting the ghosts of dead issues. It is trying to prolong and honor contentions that are no longer vital. The new generation, the younger life of Patch Grove, as elsewhere, have gone forward to the Jesus of the kindly heart, the open hand; the Jesus who consorted with publicans and ate with sinners; the Jesus of the free mind, who said: "Why of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" The Jesus of forgiving love, who lifted the sinner from the dust and put her on her feet, saying: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more."

It was in Patch Grove that we found the amateur scientist, who is a disciple and devotee of Burbank, who showed us triumphantly the vigorous brier that bore the anomalous seed pods, which he knew not whether it was a blackberry or rose, for it was the direct product of this cross-fertilization. He gave the flower lovers of our party the seed of a hybridized peony, which may produce a nondescript flower with rose-like qualities. He is working away at the apple problem, seeking the frost-resisting power of the crab and the edible qualities of the Pippin, hoping to reach this goal, not by the old road of grafting, but by the new road of hybridizing. He is trying to persuade the tomato and the potato to enter into conjugal relations. But this scientist forgot his enthusiasm long enough to solicit from us a promise that we would send him the material which would enable him to vindicate Thomas Paine from the unjust and ungracious aspersion of Theodore Roosevelt, who, in his historical work, has spoken of him as "a filthy little atheist."

It was at Patch Grove that we found the man who, way back in 1876, put the portrait of Charles Sumner into the gable of his store, and the face still stands out in clear outline, looking down upon those who pass in to buy ribbons and calico; a mingling of the ideal with the practical, an appeal to the heroic in the presence of the expediencies of traffic that is as splendid as it is exceptional. This country merchant's blood was stirred when he was but eleven years of age, on the day when the cane of Brooks of South Carolina laid low Sumner of Massachusetts on the Senate floor of the United States because of the latter's devotion to the principle of freedom and the rights of man, be he black or white. The quickened pulse of that boy's blood never ceased to flutter for that cause; the spirit of the old man still walks with unsandaled feet wherever the shadow of Sumner falls, and this man is a Jared Warner heretic brought down to date; a student of current thought, one who watches from afar the leaders of religious progress and the advocates of religious liberty.

Notwithstanding these abundant evidences to a vitality in the protest of Jared Warner and his associates, must we not frankly admit in the light of these thirty years or more that he and his associates were mistaken in many things? The years have convicted them of some errors, some of which we may with candor name, with no disrespect to that group of stalwart farmers who, in the fifties and sixties, held their Fourth of July picnics in the interest of freedom and rationalism in religion.

First, the revolution in religious thought, which they predicted, did not come as it was expected. Evolution there undoubtedly has been, but their denials never became revolutionary. Some things have stayed, nay, grown, which they hoped might be banished from the earth; at least from their community and their descendants, because they underestimated, in the second place, the profundities of history, the great heart-satisfying affirmations that hide unconsciously beneath the crassest doctrines. The most unthinkable dogmas conceal the germs of vital and eternal truths.

These fathers saw and stated with commendable courage the cruelty of persecution, the tyranny of priestcraft, the cramping influence of dogma; they saw clearly that there was no place for miracle, special providence, or divine partialities in an ordered universe. They were right in their disbelief in a religion whose sole credentials rested in a book of uncertain date and ambiguous authorship. They were right in their distrust of, if not their contempt for, those who assumed to speak with authority concerning the will of the Eternal or the future of the Man-Child glorious; but perhaps they did not see with sufficient clearness that book and priest and prayer, aye, the bells and the candles of the most conservative of organized religion, were borne out of the yearnings of the human heart; that the very dogmas were cradled in the anxieties and the aspirations of the human soul; that the errors of history float like froth on the surface of that mighty stream of being whose source is hid in mystery, whose destiny is unfathomable, but whose reality is testified to by the stars, to which every church spire as well as every school belfry and home fireside are allied.

Again, it is quite possible that my infidel auditors of thirty years ago or more failed to adequately appreciate the social needs of human nature. "No man liveth and no man dieth unto himself." Companionship is a necessity of the human heart. Schism may be the necessity of the hour, but coöperation is the demand of the age, and it is corporate man, organized society, the communal pact, that survives the centuries.

So, all deniers have their day, whether they be those of the sect of Paine, of Channing, of Hosea Ballou or of Parker. The infidel, the Universalist, the Unitarian, aye, Protestantism itself, has no higher mission in these directions than to make themselves unnecessary, to hasten the day of their death. For the differences in religion, like the irregularities of the landscape, are superficial. The harmonies, like the rock-ribbed foundations of continents, are profound. The geological stratas of spirit and of matter interlock, overlap and underlie one another.

Insofar as our infidel friends failed of the patience, which is the gospel of evolution, missed the permanent sanctities, of which creed, dogma and ritual are imperfect symbols, so far were they in league with the transient; they bargained for oblivion.

But it would be as ungracious as it is untrue to end our study of the infidel neighborhood here. These brave men were right, everlastingly right, when they struck for freedom of thought; when they stood for the right of investigation, aye, the duty of denying the most fundamental postulates of faith whenever the heart or the head arose in indignant protest against the same. These men were right when they attempted to place the sacred emphasis upon the here and the

now; when they made scriptural the demands of justice and liturgical the law of equity.

In the parlor of the Jared Warner homestead hangs the sword of Captain Young, the son-in-law, upon whose shoulders the mantle of Jared Warner fell, perhaps more fittingly than upon any other shoulders. In his day the message of freedom must be flashed on the sword blade, punctuated with the roar of canon, and sung by minnie balls. And Captain Young served at this grim function with credit. Today that message of freedom must needs be formulated in civic righteousness, in neighborhood coöperation, in the friendly rivalries of disinterestedness. In this quest invective and sarcasm, denunciation and dispute, have no place. The warfare is still on, but it is the warfare of peace. It is the emulations of love; the battle is with ignorance and narrowness within. For, from the standpoint of the cultivated, in the illuminations of education, who dare assume the superiorities or affect the virtues which alone justify the judge or assume the role of the critic?

Under that clear blue sky we read the benediction of the faithful, the beatitude of loyalty, the ultimate of human judgment, and it would seem on those airy heights to be also the essence of the divine justice, recorded on the tombstone of him who called his home the "Infidel Wigwam."

> "He does well who does his best.
> Let him rest."

Creed or no creed, church or no church, priest or no priest, at the last the soul is shrived at the altar of the eternal justice by this edict: Let them rest who do their best. Angels can do no more, and the God of the Universe expects no less at the hands of the lowest sinner.

What of the future of Patch Grove? When thirty years hence some touring workers of the Lincoln Centre, with curious eyes and inquiring minds, shall re-visit the infidel's grave, what will they find?

I have faith to believe that there will be as great a change in the next as in the last thirty years in the life of Patch Grove. To borrow the phrase of Carlyle, the fathers of Patch Grove found themselves called upon to declare the "Everlasting Nay." The integrities of their own souls, the demands of reason, the demonstrations of science, all bade them to say "Nay," "Nay," and still "Nay!" to the unwarranted assumptions, the cruel distinctions, the debilitating superstitions around them. Their grandchildren may find themselves in the Center of Indifference; they may have grown weary of discussion, sick of contentions; perhaps they have mistaken their inheritance and have sought a release from the high demands of intellect, from the exactions of conscience; they may shrink from the dangers, the exposures and the burden of the advance. But their children's children will surely find themselves once more in the realm of the Everlasting Yea, Yea, Yea! and evermore Yea! The great affirmations of brotherhood will fill their souls with an enthusiasm, a God-within, worthy their heroic ancestry. The nature that in the first half of the nineteenth century denied dogma, contradicted the assumptions of an infallible book, will within the first half of the twentieth century make imperative the affirmations of universal brotherhood, a sense of kinship with all that lives, enforced by the apprehension of divine origin and a sublime destiny. There is to come into Patch Grove, as elsewhere, a passion for the advance. Theology, the heavenly science, is to be clothed again, not only with dignity, but with grace. The soul tutored of science, disciplined by law, will again dare use the biggest names in the dictionary, the holiest words in the annals of human speech, hesitating to use them, not on account of their emptiness, but on account of their inadequacy. "God," "Bible," "Jesus," "heaven," "hell," "soul," and "immortality" await the new interpretations, the fresh statements, that will overstep the denials of the pioneers, but justify their ideality.

"The children and grandchildren of those early picnickers in the interest of rationalism are not degenerates. There is a liberalism all around here ready to express itself," said our gentle guide, the granddaughter of Jared Warner, the arch infidel.

The leadership is surely coming. When it comes it will be in the interest of synthesis and not of analysis; of combination and not of dissection; in the interest of the harmonies, not of the discords. It will unite in good deeds, in loving words, in holy quests, those who may differ in their phrases and who for a while will contribute to wear sectarian badges that will carry less and less meaning and lose day by day their power to separate and to antagonize.

Half a mile from the "Infidel Wigwam" we passed a beautiful grove of hard maple trees, the symmetrical rows of which offered tempting shade in which to play or to pray. "This grove," said our guide, "was set out by Aunt Abbie, who used to say, 'Wait until my maples are grown and we will have liberal picnics under their shadow.'" "Aunt Abbie" has gone to her rest and as yet no one has accepted the invitation of the hospitable branches, and her plans are as yet unrealized. But it is too soon to pass judgment upon her planting or to declare her hopes vain. "Aunt Abbie's grove" is yet to be occupied. Maybe the Fourth of July picnics are to be revived there, and the triumphs of the fathers will there be celebrated by song and by oratory. The paradox of the spirit will there again be exemplified. It will demonstrate again that the deniers were the affirmers; that what sounds like "Nay," "Nay," in one age will prove the "Yea," "Yea," of future ages.

Let me not be untrue to those old pioneers, said the daughter of Jared Warner, "Perhaps my father came as near being an atheist as any man well could. He failed to find in nature or in history evidence of an overruling Providence or of an undying soul." It may be that material phenomenon, the testimony of the senses—things seen, touched and tasted—alone seemed to him authoritative or touched with reality. But even this restricted Bible nourished in him an ideality more real, more potent, more far-reaching, than the unquestioned faith resting upon the letter of a book or the decisions of eccleciastical counsel in many another. Even in the lifetime of the Thomas Paine picnickers the souls of many overleaped the barriers of thought which their logic established for them. Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, and kindred appeals to the intangible, recognitions of the mysterious, apprehensions of a transcendental realm, engaged the attention and enlisted the enthusiasm of many. But all these are but temporary scaffoldings upon which the soul climbs to the universal solemnities, the abiding sanctities with which poets, philosophers, saints and martyrs have ever dealt. And if I have apprehended rightly the revealments that gather around the infidel's grave, the gospel of Patch Grove, revisited at the end of thirty years, it is still the old and ever new gospel of the widening brotherhood, the undying hope in an everlasting life.

Still our vision is limited, our sight is weak, our assurances are few. But we know that love is better than hate; that hope is diviner than despair; that joy and not sorrow is in the ascendancy, and that men's

mistakes challenge our sympathy and not our contempt, and that the final verdict of reason, conscience and heart is indeed that disloyalty is the only infidelity which blights; that make-belief rather than non-belief is the curse of the soul; that indeed every man who gives his life to the advancement of what seems to him to be vital truth is a saving power in the world, and that of such we may indeed say:

"He does well who does his best.
Let him rest."

A Pine Tree Buoy.

Where all the winds were tranquil,
And all the odors sweet,
And rings of tumbling upland

Sloped down to kiss your feet;
There, in a nest of verdure,
You grew from bud to bough;
You heard the song at mid-day—
At eve the plighted vow.

But fate that gives a guerdon
Takes back a double fee:
She hewed you from your homestead
And set you in the sea.

And every bowling billow
Bends down your barren head,
To hearken if the whisper
Of what you knew is dead.

—*Harrison Smith Morris.*

World-Peace—A Call.

As never before, the nations of the earth are standing face to face. World problems are coming into the foreground; the largest of these is that of World-Peace. Our greatest age is realizing that there is one world, one humanity; that over all is the same rational and moral order.

On the present basis of balanced preparation of national forces for possible war, the cost to our own country is $200,000,000 a year; that of England, $300,000,000, and of the other nations of Europe, $1,500,000,000. To say nothing of the horrors of war, the cost almost passes belief.

The growing thought for World-Peace is in part the result of new conditions, needs and possibilities; but deeper than this is the larger confidence in the value and power and moral principles and ideals. It is hoped that The Hague may be enlarged to a World-Congress and Supreme Court. From international laws and treaties these great years should easily go forward to the larger fact of an organized world. World justice as interpreted and enforced by World-Authority should make impossible the awful arbitraments of war.

To hasten such a great and glad possibility there should be the largest expression of public opinions in this land of the free, and as president of the Chicago Peace Society I most earnestly request the pastors of all the churches in Chicago, and throughout the State, to make the first Sunday in October a World-Peace Day, at one service preaching upon the subject, or, when it may seem best, to hold union meetings.

The Chicago Peace Society has no paid officials. Memberships are $1 per year. Names and amount may be sent to Mary E. Hawley, the John Crerar Library. Miss Hawley was our delegate to the International convention in Switzerland. The money will be used to send Peace literature to those desiring it.

So great a cause as World-Peace is larger than party or sectarian lines in politics or religion, its appeal must be to the higher grounds of the universal good. Let Chicago and Illinois be the first to establish a World-Peace Day. H. W. Thomas.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father.? Hath not one God created us?

An Open Letter.

To those who believe and hope:

The Congress of Religion desires to be helpful in the culture of brotherliness and fellowship along all religious lines, and especially desires to stimulate coöperative activity in the achievement of righteousness. It has been demonstrated on more than one occasion that most religious workers, most followers of Jesus—no matter what their creed or covenant, will gladly coöperate for the attainment of high ethical or moral ends. Frequently those who are quite unable to fraternize on distinctly ecclesiastical grounds because of their great theological differences, can easily be induced to join hands with other champions of righteousness in seeking a moral reformation. Because of this experience and unto this end the Congress of Religion is glad to offer its services in any community where resident leaders will pledge a fellowship in the seeking of righteousness.

More than once in recent months it has been pointed out in these columns that an ethical revival holds sway all over the country, and the popular demand for righteousness grows apace. Never before in the history of this country has there been such a general house-cleaning—such universal insistence that the politician and the public man as well as the private shall "keep his hands clean." Never before have the champions of honesty, the crusaders against iniquity and graft, been so numerous or so bold or so universally applauded.

We need no prophet to tell us "this is the hour" when all religious forces of the nation, when all those who believe in and strive for purity and peace—the fruits of the spiritual life—should make haste to join hearts and hands in a league of righteousness for the establishment of its reign on the earth. It hardly seems necessary to spend time in theological controversies when there are so many wrongs crying for suppression, and when there is much to be done which all "seekers after God" are confessedly anxious to see accomplished, and yet which waits for the influence and the power of a coöperative religious crusade such as the Christian churches could easily inaugurate and carry on to glorious victory.

The Chicago meetings of the Congress in June certainly marked a distinct advance in religious fellowship and in the emphasis placed on the practical doing of righteousness as a primal duty and opportunity of those who believe in the Fatherhood of God. The meetings secured the hearty sympathy and coöperation of leaders in practically all the denominations and furnished a great spiritual uplift to those who were able to attend. The officers of the Congress were therefore instructed to offer their assistance in holding fellowship meetings wherever local ministers and laymen would unite to express a desire therefor.

The purpose of this organization is wholly philanthropic, and its one ideal is the practical coöperation of existing religious forces for the purpose of achieving and establishing righteousness in the earth. Those to whom this message comes are cordially invited to express their desires and make any suggestions they will as to opportunities of service before this organization.

C. A. Osborne, *Secretary.*

It's easy to think you are standing for public liberty when private license is in your eye.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Opposed to Speculation.

Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw took a new step in the control of national banks, which is variously regarded as a "futile exhibition of paternalism," an indication that "our treasury system is breaking down," and a "timely and needed order, a blow struck for the cause of legitimate enterprise as opposed to stock jobbing and speculation." Whatever the net results it is at least reassuring to have the highest financial official of the country assert in such definite terms the favor of the government for "legitimate business as distinguished from speculation."

Affairs in Cuba.

The arrival of Secretary Taft and Assistant Secretary Bacon in Havana raised the hopes of all concerned in both Cuba and this country so that a speedy settlement was looked for. Less encouraging news was received later in the week and at the present writing the issue is still in grave doubt. It would seem to be true that the Palma administration has neither dealt fairly with the "insurgents" nor with the envoys from the United States. Little reason remains for expecting a continuation of the present administration under any event. Either there will be a new election, under more democratic and honest-count principles or the whole effort after democracy will be temporarily abandoned and a protectorate will be established by this country, which will secure the permanent peace of the people. The latter may become necessary, but it will be a misfortune if it comes.

Mr. Bryan and Corporations.

Clearly Mr. Bryan has picked out no easy path for himself as he goes forward to a presidential election. Men admire courage and honesty wherever displayed, but when it results in a very plain criticism of common conditions, the effect is not hard to forecast. Mr. Bryan does not hesitate to say it is as easy for a camel to go through a needle's eye as for a corporation lawyer or director to be a good Democrat; and that is plain heresy! It is probably not true that Mr. Bryan puts all corporations in the same category, for a man might belong to an incorporated Democratic Club, or even a church, and still be honest and conscientious, but perhaps it is true that his utterance will make some trouble for Senator Bailey, the Democratic leader, who is a corporation lawyer, said to have questionable relations with "Standard Oil." Verily, condemning corporations is like inveighing against "tainted money"—it is hard to tell who will get hurt.

In Behalf of Peace.

The fifteenth universal Peace Conference was opened in Milan, Italy, on the 15th inst. Matters of great moment will be discussed by men of national reputation and it is hoped much good will be accomplished. In this country the president of the National Federation has just issued a call for a Peace Day, asking churches and ministers to set apart the first Sunday in October as a special day for recognition of the claims of universal peace.

Simplified Spelling.

The discussion of spelling reform does not subside, but seems to increase, both in quantity and intensity. The past week registered the formal approval of "Mark Twain" in an address before the Associated Press, urging the news gatherers to give the reform a three months' trial, and also the unlimited opposition of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Jacob Riis. The latter speaks of his well known friendship for President Roosevelt, but charitably assumes the President has been trapped.

Zion at Peace.

At last the court has succeeded in settling the "civil war" at Zion City. By direction of Judge Landis an election was held and Voliva was elected overseer almost by unanimous vote, receiving all but 13 of the 1919 votes cast. Dr. Dowie will now shake the dust of Zion from his feet and depart for Mexico—though he intimates he will come back in time to build a house for Christ, who is to return to earth soon and will live there! A panoramic picture of the perihelion and eclipse of Dr. Dowie would be something worth preserving for antiquity—certainly an interesting commentary on "our times."

Base Ball.

Chicago fans are naturally jubilant as the "Cubs" have at last clinched their hold on the pennant and for the first time in about a quarter of a century will be the champions of the National League. It is still possible the American League pennant will also come to this city. Whatever our readers think of the national game, it is not safe to speak slightingly of an event which continually attracts from 5,000 to 10,000 people to one spot for the purpose of seeing nine men achieve a bloodless victory over nine other men. At any rate this is better than a bull fight—or foot ball.

Sage Will Settled.

The widow of Russell Sage has agreed to double the legacies given the dissatisfied heirs, so there will be no contest. The estate is estimated at $70,000,000 and the total legacies amounted to $334,000, and will now equal $668,000. The other $69,000,000 is the vast sum the widow is expected to distribute. What a task, what a responsibility and opportunity!

In Russia.

The terrorists continue to plan their campaigns of assassination and are reported to have decreed the death of many more high officials, including the Premier and even the Czar himself. It was reported that a great slaughter of Jews had been planned, to take place on the Jewish New Year, September 21, but the activity of government officials prevented any serious catastrophe in this direction.

In Chicago.

The event of the week was the laying of the corner stone of the new County Court House, with the chief address by Vice President Fairbanks. The $5,000,000 building bids fair to be as commodious and desirable from a utilitarian point of view as the old one was a disappointment and a monument of stupidity and graft. A reception at the Auditorium, a military parade through streets lined with a hundred thousand people, speeches by Governor Deneen, Mayor Dunne and President Brundage, of the County Commissioners, preceded the address of the guest of honor. Mr. Fairbanks spoke eloquently and forcibly and did not fail to make caustic, though courteous, comment of the ideas of Mr. Bryan concerning government ownership; even the municipal ownership theories of Mayor Dunne, who sat on the platform, did not escape arraignment. The occasion was a notable one.

In China.

A terrible tornado or typhoon struck the harbor of Hong Kong in the forenoon of the 18th. Latest reports increase the long list of casualities, which already included five warships, more than a score of steamers, a great number of junks, the loss of hundreds, if not thousands, of lives and the destruction of probably over a million dollars' worth of property. The Empress of China seems to be much more favorably disposed toward reforms suggested by western civilization than formerly. A recent edict debars from the public service all men whose wives or daughters have their feet bound. This is only one of the new things among the old.

Some Personals.

Aaron T. Bliss, formerly governor of Michigan and for many years a well known leader in that state, died last week in Milwaukee, Wis. The death of Captain Bundy at his Chicago home, the other day, in his 80th year, closed a very unique career. Born in England in 1826, he became an incorrigible boy and was "bound before the mast" when only ten years old. It is said he had traveled on every body of salt water in the world and had visited all the prominent seaports. His history, however, is chiefly linked with the several "gospel ships," all of which he christened "Glad Tidings," and on which he sailed all around the great lakes, carrying the gospel of the evangelist to sailors and lumbermen everywhere. Rabbi Hirsch has returned from his summer abroad and is widely reported in the papers as an opponent of government and municipal ownership of railroads, on the ground that the German and French publicly owned railroads are far inferior to the ones privately operated in this country. Still another well known figure has passed from the stage of earth in the death of Congressman Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois. Those who are in a position to know affirm that Mr. Hitt brought special fitness and equipment to his position as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, and really performed a great service for his country. Two men loom large on the political horizon of New York state. The old political bosses are unhorsed. Either Hearst or Jerome will receive the Democratic nomination and if the former then it is quite likely men of both parties will join and may elect Mr. Jerome governor.

C. A. O.

THE STUDY TABLE

Notes.

From Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, of Boston, I have "Blind Alleys," by George Cary Eggleston. This book is a good deal more than a novel. It is brim full of good social philosophy. It does not fail to touch to the quick a lot of mischievous, but ruling, notions. One of these is that the young men who go to college are liberally educated. The experience of Blake is the pitiful experience of a large majority of our college graduates. He describes himself as having "a superficial smattering of meager information—or misinformation—just enough knowledge of chemistry, physics, languages, mathematics, and the like, to understand, or to misunderstand, each one of these departments, when the facts are explained by somebody else." He says that he knows nothing thoroughly except what he has learned since he left college. I can pretty fully comprehend what he means, because I have to do with college boys every year that are in the same fix. Our colleges are not bringing the best out of the boys, or putting the best into them. The whole business is a bad bungle, and we shall have to have a big revolution. What the book says about the close relation between social life, church life and civic life and the worst possible developments of sin and crime we all know to be literally true. "A little while ago I set out to discover who owned the houses rented for vicious purposes in this town. I found that a great rich church corporation owned some of them. I found that others were owned by men and women of the highest prominence in society, in the church and in philanthropic work." The simple fact is that not a vile den exists that is not "licensed" by the people in some sort of authoritative capacity. Well, read the book for yourself.

From the same house comes "Hearts and the Cross," by Harold Morton Kramer. This is a pretty good story, but not at all to be compared with "Blind Alleys."

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have received "The Saint"—that wonderful book by Antonio Fogazzaro; a book forbidden to all good Catholics by the Congregation of the Index. Of course, it will be read by ten times as many as it would have been if not put under the ban. The book is a work of art, and a great novel and a psychological masterpiece. The love story is healthy and delightful; that is, so far as Jeanne is concerned. In Italy the book is the platform of the Christian Democrats; that is, of the younger generation of Italians, who are growing disgusted with medieval survivals. A great many Protestants can see their faces in the mirror held up by our author. To sum it all up religion demands not penitence and remorse and asceticism, but a brave straightforward manly life. Protestantism as well as Catholicism is hitched to the past.

It is late—wonderfully late—to have come upon one of the most wonderful books I ever read. I refer to "Freckles," written by Gene Stratton Porter, and published by the Doubleday, Page & Co. over a year ago. I will not say one word about this book excepting that it is simply a marvel of pathos, and beauty, and love, and truth, and whatever other good thing you have a mind to think of. Mrs. Porter lives at Geneva, Ind., and is mainly known as The Bird Woman. Her bird pictures are the best in the country. "Freckles" is a first rate mate for Roberts' "Heart of the Ancient Wood." By the way, I have received from L. C. Page & Co. Mr. Roberts' last book. I wish he had not written it.

If any one has yet failed to read "The Gospel According to Darwin," by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, published by the Open Court Company, I sincerely hope he will get it at once and thoroughly enjoy it.

From Macmillan Company I have one of Jack London's stories, called "Moon-face." This is a very short story and not the best in the book. I think you will enjoy this volume if you like those which have preceded it. I suppose most people have read the "Call of the Wild," and know pretty well what Jack London can do. He has a warm heart for humanity, and fine art in his literary work. E. P. POWELL.

While the discussion of Luther Burbank's achievements in the creation of new plant life goes on, Mr. Burbank himself continues quietly to add to the marvels he has already accomplished. In a catalogue which he has just issued five distinct new creations are listed—an improved Australian starflower, two variations of poppy, a new foliage plant and a new vegetable squash. The new varieties have been produced by the methods of cross-breeding and selection described by Mr. Burbank's recognized spokesman, Mr. W. S. Harwood, in his "New Creations in Plant Life" and "The New Earth."

The second of Langdon Warner's papers on Khiva, in the October *Century* a description of "Khiva from the Inside," will have reproductions of a number of photographs made by Mr. Warner during his sojourn in that almost forbidden city. These are probably the first pictures ever made in that remote and little known spot, where Mr. Warner's adventures were decidedly unusual.

Evening Hymn in the Cascade Mountains.

Now Evening's purple mists are rolled
  Round Kulshan's lofty snow-clad cone—
Or is it Seraphs' wings that fold
  About the great white throne?

From distant glaciers floats the hymn
  Of cataracts—or can it be
The ceaseless chant of Cherubim
  Across the crystal sea?

Before this solitude sublime
  Life's sordid cares and passions flee;
Is this a part of Earth and Time,
  Or of Eternity?

Can yonder peak, whose crown of snow
  Hath pierced the heavens since time began,
Have aught to do with things below,
  The world and works of man?

Yes, it shall be a glorious shrine,
  An image of the eternal Word,
Pointing our wayward souls to thine,
  Thou everlasting Lord.

'Mid crumbling creeds we grope and stray,
  In varying speech we lisp thy name;
But Thou, today as yesterday,
  Forever art the same.

Ere the first mountain reared its brow,
  And when earth's years and centuries end,
The changeless God of love art Thou,
  Our Father and our Friend.

Written for UNITY. EDWARD N. STONE.

"Nothing shall warp me from the belief that every man is a lover of truth. There is no pure lie, no pure malignity in nature. The entertainment of the proposition of depravity is the last profligacy and profanation. There is no skepticism, no atheism but that. Could it be received into common belief, suicide would unpeople the planet. It has had a name to live in some dogmatic theology, but each man's innocence and his real liking of his neighbor have kept it a dead letter."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Make as sure of the Life that now is, as you are of the Death that is to come.
MON.—Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them.
TUES.—At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ from other people, but in what we agree with them.
WED.—You can't quarrel in a side-by-side push.
THURS.—You will find nearly every educational problem solved as soon as you truly want to do something.
FRI.—The moment a man can really do his work he becomes speechless about it.
SAT.—There is only one cure for public distress—and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful and just.

—*John Ruskin.*

A Rain Song.

What de use er sighin'
Kase it cloudy overhead?
Sky is des a-cryin'
Kase de sun is gone ter bed!
Can't be always sunny—
Hush, my li'l' one!
Go ter sleep, my honey,
En you'll wake up in de sun!
Go ter sleep—
Go ter sleep;
Dar's gold in de rainbow, en you gwine ter git a heap!

Ain't it time fer bringin'
Er de dark along?
Ain't de rain a-singin'
Of a by-by song?
Close yo' eyes, my honey—
Hush, my li'l' one!
Can't be always sunny—
But you'll wake up in de sun!
Go ter sleep—
Go ter sleep;
Dar's gold in de rainbow, en you gwine ter git a heap!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

A Peace Hero.

With the newspapers full of stories of riots, revolts, pillage and threatened famine, we are likely to think of Russia as having no time or disposition to enjoy social or intellectual pleasures. So we are surprised when we read that in the midst of her turmoil St. Petersburg has erected a monument to one of Russia's heroes of peace. Hundreds of persons, from old, gray-bearded men to little children, crowded the public square, after the stately official ceremony of the unveiling, to look at the statue.

The man whom the Russians had thus chosen to honor was Michael Ivanovich Glinka, a musician and composer. Glinka was very popular with his countrymen because his music touched their patriotism. His melodies have the ring and spirit of the Russian national airs. His greatest work was the opera, "Life for the Czar." The hero of this opera is a peasant who gives his life to save the Czar during the invasion of the Russians by the Poles in the Seventeenth Century. It is doubtful whether the plot of the opera would stir Russian hearts now as it did when it was first produced in 1836. "Life for the Czar" was, in a sense by reason of both its music and its story, the beginning of a Russian school of national music.

Glinka began studying under famous musicians when only thirteen years old and at seventeen he was composing. Nothing is known, however, of his early compositions and little of his music is known outside of Russia. He died in 1857, at the age of fifty-three. —*The Little Chronicle.*

Whatever be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of manhood or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion.

Every position in life has its hardships, which are very easily transformed into grievances. A little brooding over the former, and, lo, they are the latter! The first suggestion of wisdom is to avoid that brooding as you would contagion. Accept them simply as hardships, indispensable parts of healthful discipline, unavoidable in any occupation or calling, wherever exercised. Endure them bravely, patiently, and, above all, silently. Next to brooding over them, talking about them will make them grievances. Talk about anything, even the weather, but never mind about your hardships.—*Coöperation.*

An Old Saw.

A dear little maid came skipping out
In the glad new day, with a merry shout;
With dancing feet and flying hair,
She sang with joy in the morning air.

"Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!"
What a croak, to darken the child's delight!
And the stupid old nurse, again and again,
Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

The child paused, trying to understand;
But her eyes saw the great world rainbow-spanned:
Her little feet hardly touched the earth,
And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind,—don't listen, O sweet little maid!
Make sure of your morning song," I said;
"And if pain must meet you, why, all the more
Be glad of the rapture that came before."

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Nests on the Water.

It is almost unthinkable that a bird should build a nest on the water. Yet that is exactly what the grebes always do. With reeds, grass and plant stems the grebe makes a regular floating island, somewhat hollowed out on top, usually near the open water of a marshy or reedy lake. We have several kinds of grebes, but their nests are much alike, sometimes moored to the reeds, but usually floating freely on the water. —*From "Nature and Science" in September St. Nicholas.*

The Oriole's Nest.

Those four days following the earthquake were a test of childhood such as the world has seldom known. Thousands of children saw their homes burning, their school houses burning, the whole great city burning, and heard night and day the boom of dynamite blowing up houses and stores and churches in the desperate effort to stop the fire. Many had little or nothing to eat, and even drinking water was hard to find, but as they walked along with their parents, going they knew not where, they did not complain or cry. Little hands held tightly to those they loved and little heads were held erect as they walked for countless blocks to some park or open ground beyond the fire's path.—*From "Children and Their Pets in the San Francisco Fire" in September St. Nicholas.*

A Test of Childhood.

The oriole's nest of itself is a marvel. What tying, weaving, plaiting, molding, binding and shaping into grace and beauty! And what an astonishing place to put it—hanging on the ends of the most slender twigs of the elm tree! And how much skill it requires to fasten it there in a way to withstand the winds and storms! What a vast difference in form and location between that and the nest of a kingfisher in the bank of a pond, or of a rough-winged swallow in a stone wall. And see the other birds, how they build, plaster, glue, drill, excavate, each selecting different places and material, and building in her own way and to her own taste.—*From "Nature and Science" in September St. Nicholas.*

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EDITORS: JENKIN LLOYD JONES, WILLIAM KENT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EPARTMENT EDITORS: CYRUS A. OSBORNE, MRS. WM. KENT

THE WATCH TOWER:

Theodore D. Bacon, Fred Alban Weil, Willard B. Thorp, Payson S. Wild

Editorial Contributors

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GUARANTEE

Only legitimate lines of business will be admitted to these columns, and only those firms who will "make good" on all offers will be retained. *We therefore absolutely guarantee all advertisements herein.* If any subscriber reports that money sent to an advertiser has been misappropriated or falsely applied, or in any way a plain deception has been practiced, we will investigate the case and if charge is true we will make good the loss to our subscriber.

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

CALVIN'S GRAVE AND THE PROPOSED CALVIN MONUMENT.

It is astonishing how credulous even the best of people are and how easy it is to believe of others, whether individuals or communities, elsewhere characteristics or actions that we would not for a moment deem possible to ourselves or our associates. Such was the general tenor of my reflections on finding reproduced in the *Christian Register* of a recent date, and without any note of comment or correction, an article by some good Presbyterian sister concerning the grave of Calvin, addressed to the *Presbyterian*.

This Presbyterian sister had been in Geneva and, like many another, had been taken in by a certain little stone that is obligingly shown to tourists who insist on seeing the grave of John Calvin. Every self-informed person in Geneva will tell you that not only did John Calvin object to a monument, but that he felt so strongly about it and took such measures to enforce his views, that at the present time the location of his grave is absolutely unknown. Yet visitors from abroad continue to demand a grave over which they may grow sentimental, and, since the discovery in the Plainpalais cemetery of a tiny stone bearing the initials J. C., they are all too easily accommodated. So one treated to such outbursts as this from the Presbyterian writer already referred to:

"The grave was so obscurely situated, we had to have a guide to show us the way. And some distance in the cemetery, under a tree, with a small stone at the head, with only the letters J. C. on it, was the grave.

"I cannot tell you the effect of this upon my husband and me. Our country marks her dead soldiers' graves with more care. Of course, we know that Calvin lives without even that small mark at his grave, but there is another monument in Geneva that hands down his name to future generations—a monument to Servetus. . . . Could not a movement be started for the erection of a proper monument to John Calvin?"

It is hard to say whether this sort of thing is more amusing or more irritating to the intelligent and public-spirited citizens of Geneva. I was myself present when one of the foremost American delegates to the liberal congress at Geneva, in some otherwise admirable and highly appreciated remarks eulogistic of John Calvin, waxed quite eloquent and pathetic over this same little stone, and hoped that American liberals might be among the foremost in contributing to a worthy monument to the great reformer. This gentleman was, I believe, eventually convinced that his emotions over that obscure, little stone were misplaced, but it took the assurance of more than one of Geneva's old residents and scholars to convince him.

After this little episode, my Geneva host and I thought we would go, for the fun of the thing, and take a look at that little stone ourselves, so on a bright, sunny morning, my very last in Geneva, we turned our steps in the direction of the old Plainpalais cemetery. Arrived at the entrance, my well-known friend slipped quickly through, leaving me, as a pious foreign pilgrim, to make inquiries of the custodian in his office.

"Will you kindly tell me," I said, "how to find the grave that is known as John Calvin's?" With no attempt either to confirm or to deny any implication in my query, he answered indifferently: "Go up the main path, take the third side path to the left, and you will find it to your right under a big pine tree." Sure enough, there it was! How we laughed when we saw it! A little square-topped gray stone such as we call a marker or boundary stone over here and set at the corners of our cemetery lots, a stone so unlike a monument and so palpably modern in lettering-cut, and even material, that one could but wonder how anyone could be deluded into connecting it with the memory of Calvin.

People who have been reading the religious papers at home or abroad can hardly fail to know that the erection of the Servetus monument was but a conscientious preliminary to the monument that the Genevans have long been planning to erect to their great protestant reformer in 1909. In that year, the entire protestant world will celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Calvin and the interest of course will center in Geneva. To the Genevans themselves the date has an added significance because it is also the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Academy and the College.

They have decided that the great date cannot be more appropriately marked than by the erection of a public monument to the work of Calvin regarded from the broad standpoint of history and by which the memory of the reformers and the influence which they have exerted on the modern world shall be called in a fashion at once enduring and popular. For this reason the committee have decided on a monument rather than a library, a publication, a church, a museum, a people's palace or an asylum. Though to some these institutions seem more in accordance with the spirit of the reformers, they all have the disadvantage of appealing to only one class of citizens.

A call signed by 230 citizens resulted in a largely attended meeting for organization, in the Aula of the University. Admirable addresses were made by Professor Charles Borgeaud of the University, a historian of the Reformation, and by Mr. Henry Fazy, councillor of state. An organization was effected to be known as the Reformation Monument Association. Its aim, as stated in the by-laws, will be "The erection at Geneva, in 1909, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of the birth of Calvin, of a monument commemorating the work and the effect upon the world of the Calvinian reform."

To this end it will collect subscriptions, gifts and legacies, both in Switzerland and abroad to enable it to erect a monument worthy of the occasion.

A committee of twenty-two members was appointed, to consist of three sections: Finance, propaganda and monument.

The general secretary is Mr. Albert Wuarin, *l' rue des Moulins*, Geneva, to whom all persons desiring to join the association may send their subscriptions. It goes without saying that ladies are eligible to membership.

In taking this action, Geneva is responding to a wish very generally felt in foreign countries as well as at home. It was stated at this public meeting that Hungary, Scotland and the United States had expressed themselves in this sense. The United States minister to Switzerland, Mr. J. B. Clay, was present at the meeting. Last year the German Huguenot Society, at its annual meeting, passed a resolution calling for the opening of an international subscription for the erection of a monument to the Calvinist Reformation. There can be no doubt that Geneva will receive generous co-operation from all protestant countries.

Calvin's predecessor, Farel, and his still more benignant successor, Theodore Beza, will be fittingly included in the commemoration. M. E. H.

Trade and the Missionary.

One most important result, one valuable by-product, as it may be called, of missionary enterprise in China deserves to receive more serious consideration than has hitherto been accorded to it. In it is to be found an agency, unequaled by any other, for the development of our commerce with that vast population. Every missionary is, whether willingly or unwillingly, an agent for the display and recommendation of American fabrics and wares of every conceivable sort. Each missionary home, whether established in great Chinese cities or rural hamlets, serves as an object lesson, an exposition of the practical comfort, convenience and value of the thousand and one items in the long catalogue of articles which complete the equipment of an American home. Idle curiosity upon the part of the natives grows into personal interest which in turn develops the desire to possess. The manufacturing and commercial interest in the United States, even though indifferent or actively hostile to the direct purpose of the missionary enterprise, could well afford to bear the entire cost of all American missionary effort in China for the sake of the large increase in trade which results from such effort.—*Chester Holcombe in the September Atlantic.*

Personal.

Miss Rosa Ingraham will receive private pupils in Manual Training after October 1. Address 5225 Woodlawn avenue.

Don't Forget.

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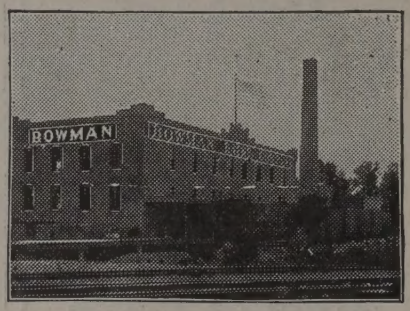

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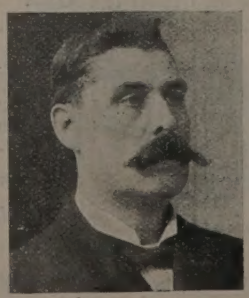

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